

# MANUEL ARTIME

## Bay Of Pigs Invasion Relived In Poetry

By MARY LOUISE WILKINSON  
Reporter Of The Miami News

The revolutionary firebrand who led Brigade 2506 into battle at the Bay of Pigs has published the first book of poems about the ill-fated invasion.

Manuel Artime, 31-year old head of the Revolutionary Recovery Movement (MRR) now leading exile fighters in Central American camps, has come up with a collection of verse called "War March, Prison Songs."

The 108-page paperback volume was printed by La Marea press here and dedicated to members of the brigade and political prisoners still jailed in Cuba.



MANUEL ARTIME  
Wrote On Prison Walls

Artime first wrote the poems on the bare, grimy walls of his prison cell. He and fellow prisoners memorized the poems and they were set down after release of the Bay of Pigs invaders.

Written while the invasion events were fresh in his mind, the poems are not thoughts in retrospect but Artime's agony of hope and frustration.

The themes range from the brigade's joyous eagerness as they planed to their Bay of Pigs destination — "Airborne, Airborne" — to the grimness of death when he learned he was to face a firing squad — "Prayer the Night Before."

However, Artime was never brought to the "pardon". He

was ransomed at half a million dollars and returned here last December.

Exhortation to bravery is reflected in the six stanzas dedicated to a bereaved parent . . .

"No, mother, no tears.

Dry your heart.

I know your son died

And I know where — Giron."

The prisoners' torture when they were captured and crammed roof-high into airless vans where many suffocated en route to Havana is caught in "The Truck":

"Muted auto horns

Peal out a requiem

As the trailer truck heads for Havana.

Look, civilized humanity!

That van moving through the streets,

With its doors hermetically sealed,

Is full of living corpses."

The fighter's heart cries out through the poet's mind when he concludes:

"I want a different Cuba.

A Cuba, Lord, that is free.

In prison I pay for my desperate hope

But, God, let it be Thy Will."

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